YARNS BY A HIGHWAYMAN.

A FORTY-NINER WHO DID NOT GO TO CALIFORNIA TO DIG GOLD.

Robbing the Overland Conch-Neatly Cap-tured by a Woman-Surrendering to an Empty Platol-Christmas Dinners in Jail.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7 .- It is the proud boast of Jim Smith that he has passed thirty-three Christmases in the California peniten-tiary at San Quentia. He is not, perhaps, the only 49er in State prison, but he is probably the only one who has been in State prison for some portion of every year since '49. He came West with the argonauts, and never for a moment, notwithstanding his long penal servi-tude, considers himself unworthy to rank with the best of them. He thinks they were the most remarkable men of the century, and his modesty does not prevent him from declaring that he was with them. Jim Smith is the patriarch of the prison. He is the guide, philosopher, and friend of the younger convicts. He is a model prisoner. So far as anybody has been able to discover, he has but one fault. He cannot leave stage coaches alone. Once put him in a place where no stages are to be found and

e is an exemplary man. Smith has not been a prisoner at San Quentin steadily for thirty-three years. He has been out many times, but has returned again so speedily, convicted on the same old charge, that he has not in all that time missed a Christmas dinner behind the bars. They gave him a sentence the last time which will keep him in no one entertains the thought that he can ever His failing is so well known that lokes are and when he is permitted to converse he will shows that no amount of punishment can ever convince him that the stopping of a coach and the robbery of the passengers is anything to

Having a little extra liberty on the Fourth of him the occasion, to talk freely of his past life. He had heard of some recent exploits of highwaymen which filled him with disgust. In the course of a long conversation he said:

"It is enough to make a '49er's blood boil to hear about the operations of these sneak thieves who are now working these little country roads. There sin't one in fifty of them that has the sand in him to hold up a thoroughbred. I've pinched members of Congress, Judges of the big men generally more'n once, but these felquality-only to dodge them. Staging ain't stages were running it took a good man to stop them. In the first place they were driven by the most reckless men you ever see, and the men inside of them were true Americans. If

the most reckless men you ever see, and the men inside of them were true Americans. If they gave up it was because they had to—that was all. The chumps who travel nowadays cut for the spirit of '49, or these fellows who are in the business now nover'd got a color.

"I remember once carly in the sixtles I want out in Calaveras county with two partners to see about a stage that was due just about them. We all find good guns, pistols, and knives, and we got them ready to use, for in those days things of that kind were not carried for ornaments. The overland didn't show up as early as was expected—some accident had happened to it in the mountains—and when it did come it took us a little too sudden. We diver fooling around for several days, and got a little careless, I must admit. One day it was warm and sunny, and we all got scattered, though we had an understanding that, wherever we were, we were to keep an eye on the read all the time, and if any of us discovered the stage, the one doing so was to lire a shot or two as an alarm signal. Along about the middle of the afternoon I heard a gun, and a minute later there came another report that sounded like a voiley of muskerry. It puzzled me a little, but I grabbed my shooting from and made for the road. I had just got into a good position when I heard another voiley a good deal louder than the other. Then came the clatter of norses and the roll of wheels, It was the stage. I could see her a-coming. You don't see driving like that these days. She was on two wheels half the time, and when she got near enough to me and the dust lifted a little I could see the gun barrele a-sticking out of her like quills on a hedge hog. The driver—a hard man that I knew mighty web—had the lines for his leaders in his teeth and those for the wheelers he had to to the brake, and he

the other one. He wasn't burk believes the seared within an inch of his life. He'd never been on that road before, and he said if that was what I called stopping an overland he had had enough. He said there was no atop to them. He had't enlisted to fight a mani-of-them. He had't enlisted to fight a mani-of-them. He had't enlisted to fight a mani-of-them. He had't enlisted to fight a mani-of-war with a double yam dock, and he wanted me to understand it. Well, he came prety near getting into trouble with me, particularly when we came along to where the other fellow was, but I pradicted him after a while by telling him that it was all our fault. We hadn't ought to have segarated. In those days thore were just end of the control of the

retigion and a state of the state of the

Interesting Puets About an Amusement that

Among the many mechanical appliance for out-door amusement there is one that affords never-ending delight to young and old. It is sometimes called the "morry-go-round," but the manufacturers call it the "carrousel." It consists of various kinds of seats revolving around a common centre at more or less speed. Sometimes the seats are common chairs. Sometimes they are in the shape of charlots or sleighs or boats. Again, they are made to imitate all sorts of animals—elephants, lions. odds the favorite. The business of manufachands of one manufacturer, Mr. C. W. F. Dare, who has not only made them for all parts of the United States, but has exported them to all quarters of the world. In-deed, there are more of them made for export than for home consumption. Within the past year Mr. Dare has exported carrousels to Mexico, Bogota, St. Thomas, Caracas, Amsterdam, Martinique, Paris, and Australia. Mr. Dare, in a book describing outdoor amusements, says the carrousel originated in the tenth century, and was first known in Italy in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is sup-

the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is supposed to have been devised in imitation of the old tournaments, when plumed knights with hoised lances bere down upon one another in mortal combat, or carried off rings at their lance heads. In place of a lance, in the modern carroused amens been down upon one another in mortal combat, or carried off rings at their lance heads. In place of spearing an opponent, the rider catches a ring on the point of his sword as he whirls by the ring receptacle, and in place of praise from some fair lady the rider who gets the most rings is rewarded with a free ride. King thenry IV. of France was very fond of the carrousel.

The dirst one erected in Central Park was put up by Stephen William Smith, and imitated the motion of the cantering horse. The Central Park carrousel has undergone many changes, and is now of composite origin.

The largest and probably the most profitable carrouse; ever put up is the Culver carrousel, near the observatory at West Brighton Coney Island. It is fitted up with a variety of seats, run by steam power, and cost about \$3.000. It is said to have paid for itself the first season, and frequently takes in \$300 to \$400 a day.

Some time ago Dr. Franklin, physician in charge of the Lunatic Asylum on Backwell's Island, and Matron Goodwin became euthusiastic about supplying a carrousel as a means of entertaining the patients in the asylum. The money was collected by private subscription, by the saile of trinkets in the asylum. C., and last May the machine was put up. It has proved a complete success, and the lunatios enjoy riding on it quite as much as sane teople do.

Who has not stood and watched the laughing crowds in the parks and at the seaside resorts as they whirl about the merry circle? How they whoop and yell, and scream and shout, and paying five or ten cents a ride.

Simali carrousels are readily turned by one man. Sometimes they are riaged with gearing and turned by two men. Sometimes they are moved by horses, like an old-fashioned mill. The latest

the following carroused poetry:

Along the road you cantering go,
Free or six miles an hour or so;
You have only to rise and sit as you ride.

Arr. Smith died long ago after a protracted ditigation to sustain the putents under which he was working.

The boat sailing carrousel at West Brighton was first put up last season. The apparatus came from Brighton, England, and was put up at Coney Island precisely as it was used at the famous British watering place. The apparatus proved too heavy and has been somewhat modified by Yankee ingenuity. The peculiar motion of the basis, a twisting plunga, makes lets of fun for the lookers on.

There was an attempt last summer to operate a carrousel with boats in real water, but it did not succeed very well and the probrietor was dispossessed for non-payment of rent. One of the features this summer at Coney Island is a two-story carrousel, but the attempt to double the fun by adding another layer of it has a drawback in the delay of getting seated.

CALIFORNIA'S APPLEA.

Wonderful Display That Bellrhin the

A visitor to the fruit markets of California is usually astonished beyond expression by the beauty and variety of the apples there displayed. It is literally "apples till apples come again." Barrels are never used for packing. but boxes holding about fifty pounds. The nicely polished, and there they stand in long rows, a finer display, so far as size, color, and shapeliness go, than any other American mar-ket can offer. There are few Russetts, but Greenings, Baldwins, Pippins, Kings, Ben Davises. Nickajacks, Rome Beauties, and dozens of other varieties, in fact, hearly all known to Western, Eastern, and Southern growers, can be found in the San Francisco markets in season. The range of climate over which they are grown is very great. Apples from Washington Territory, grown near the British Columbia border, may be seen side by from Washington Territory, grown sear the British Columbia border, may be seen side by side with apples whose blessoms mingled with those of San Diego crange trees. Apples come from so far up among the mountains that the summer is as brief and warm as that of Maine, and the fruit as crisp and well flavored. Apples come also from the inwiseds that slope fairly to the sands and rocks of the Pacific. One district is still sending Red Astrakhan and early apples, while another district is gathering Gravensteins and other autumn varieties. But when the visitor from the East begins to sample alithis fruit he experiences a reaction of feeling. The size and color have misled him; the expected flavor is not there, and he thinks of apples much smaller, much homelier in appearance, but infinitely better to eat; apples from the orchards of New England and New York, the valleys of Pennsylvania and the river-side slopes of Maryland. The old Callfornian, however, protests that this is not a fair decision; that the fruit growers of the Pacific States know their market, and their market demands size and color chiefly, flavor being a secondary matter.

Some of the apples that are prime Eastern favorites fail to retain their flavor on the Pacific coast; others that hold no rank whatever in New York markets are the pride of many private California gardens. That wonderful apple the yellow Newtown Pippin, is, however, at the head of the list in all parts of many private California gardens. That wonderful apple the yellow Newtown Pippin, is, however, at the head of the list in all parts of california and Oreyon. Skinner's Seedling an autumn apple originated in San José has taken high surfaced in San José has taken high surfaced in San José has claim in most of the lowland region. There is no reason to doubt that in a few years the accusation of lack of flavor brought against California apple will eease to have any point. For eight or ten years large shipments of apples have gone to Australias from San Francisco, immense quantities are

WHERE ENGLISH FAILED.

NEW YORK TOURIST ALONE IN A FOREIGN COMMUNITY.

nary Effects to Got to the Caves of Bellamar
-The Timely Resease by a Raval Officer. If there is a buoy in the middle of the Paelfic, and I should find myself hanging to it, I would not be any more lonely than I was in Matanzas the other day. I had got to be quite a Cuban traveller; had been in Santiago, Clen-fuegos, and all the inland towns between the latter place and Matanzas without being alone an hour. Sefor Don Charles B. Barril, late of the Union Club, but now of Espiritu Santo. was my constant companion. He talked the latest New York lings to me and pure Castilian to the Cubans with equal facility, and when-ever either of us got into a row with a hack-man or was swindled by a waiter he under-took all the Castilian that was necessary for with the excess of his language if he wanted to. especially for a man in the cattle business. he was. But I had to part with him, and Blanded in Matanzas alone. Leaping into a hack with the remark "Hotel Louvre" to the driver. I made my way to new lodgings with no difficulty, went to my room off a square gallery overlooking a lovely tropical garden, said "bafios" to a man, got a refreshing bath, and then dressed and came down to the cierk's desk to order a carriage to go to the caves of

I said to the clerk, carelessly and in an offhand way, "Get me a cab for the caves of Bellaman." The clerk promptly led me to the closed teeth that I desired a cab to take me to the caves. The clerk looked puzzled. I raised my voice and shouted, "Hack, cab, carriage, coach, wagon, horse, vehicle, caves, & la caves, zu dem caves; carveel car-vesi caves!" The clerk smiled like an idlot, and then deliberately abandoned me and disappeared. Presently he returned with three other men, two waiters and a gentlemanly looking old chap, who seemed to be the proprietor. I asked them all if they spoke English. They replied, "No," and then each one in turn gave me a great deal of information in Spanish.
Judging solely from their excitement
and anxiety, it was highly important, but I shall never know what it was. Taking in a deep breath, and fixing all four men with a stern gaze I veiled once more, "Coach, cab, carriage, wagon," etc., and "Caves, carves, ka-a-a-e-ves!" Two of the four men looked ill, but the clerk showed no sign of weakening. He talked to me quietly and earnestly. He may have been warning me that I stood a chance of being locked up as an insane person, or he may have been saying that early next spring the usual rush of consumptive and rhoumatic Americans would come to Matanzas. and if I could wait some of them would be cer-tain to understand me and help me along. His tone was soothing, and I believe his intentions

were honorable, and, perhaps, kindly. I sat down on a horsehide settee, took out a cigar, and reflected. A brilliant idea seized me. There is in Cube a most wonderful thing. It is a carriage hung on long limber springs between gigantic wheels. The spring frame runs out a vard or two behind the wheels, and as far in front of them. The next half block is

as far in front others. In some has noted as taken up by two horses far spart, intohed inniban. The direct rides on the foremost horse, which appears the control than a genuine see serpent. I knew that a vehicle of this sort was called a volunte. Heard's said to the cierk, "volunted volunte has a large weethed in smiles. At the sound of the maje word the three other men rushed out of the restaurant, and looked so pleased that it was a by to see it was evident that a spell was lifted from the catalliament, and that from that moment its affairs would again begin to run smoothly. There was no volunte in the stable but a vice establishment, and that from that moment its affairs would again begin to run smoothly. There was no volunte in the stable but a vice establishment, and that from that moment its affairs would again begin to run smoothly. There was no volunte in the stable, at a first he listened to me while I snouted Care." Care entity he seemed to be yielding to a desire to sleep, I sat down and reflected over my eigar, I arose and walked behind the clerk's desk and but a stable of the care of the care of the same of the stable of the care of the same of the sa

dictionary. It proved of immense benefit, and made a long stay is Havana delightful:

A merse; breakfast,
ch mee du; dinner.
Bee gu; dinner.
Guantas; how man; t
guantas; how man; t
Jemme; give me.
Apreser, take me.
Apreser, hurry up.
Pada poda; go slow.
Don der star; where is t
Cufic con lay-chee; coffee with milk.

Cay. comes. Cay. conservation of the way to the chapel of Montserrat and the valley of Yumari. The city was behind us and the steep white hillside rose ahead. The driver pulled up at the house, got out, and began to harangue me. I looked at my piece of brown apper and found the word for hurry up. "Hurry up." said I. He turned away sadly, mounted his box, and drove onward; but in a minute he stopped again and jabbered away at me in the most vehement manner. I said "Hurry up" sagid. He refused to go ahead. Then I said "Poka, poka," and he dropped his hands and hung his head in despair. I leaped from the victoria and strode up the hill, and he followed on his box, yelling at me. Reaching my side, he took my arm and seemed to beg me to take my seat again. I did se, and completed the journey without further delay. But no one except that driver will ever know what all his excitement was about.

LIGHTNING ON THE BRIDGE

We would like to have lightning whacking at the Brooklyn Bridge all day," said Enginear Martin yesterday, "if it will only leave the masonry alone. I know a good many people think there is danger of lightning striking the bridge while they are crossing in a storm. When the bridge police were appointed they all had to be reassured on that point. There is bridge, because it is a perfect conductor of lightning, being of steel and iron, and the electric fluid readily finds its way to the anchorages. About twenty-five feet from the outer surface of the anchorages the cables are attached to immense chains formed of flat pieces of iron bolted together. These chains terminate at the lower end in a metal plate, which is in contact with the moist earth, and when you can form a perfect metal connection

which is is contact with the moist earth, and when you can form a perfect metal connection between the spot where lightning strikes and the moist earth below there will be no damage dens by a thunderbolt.

"What we must look out for is to keep lightning away from the two towers. You have noticed that the two flagstails, one on each tower, from which bunding occasionally files, are never removed. Each staff supports a heavy copper wire which terminates above in a sharp pike. The rod runs along the top of the tower and ever its edge to one of the large cables on the hand side of the tower. Once on the cable, the bolt could do no harm. If nightning were to strike the tower the presumption is that it would be attracted by the conper wire. Lightning performs some strange freaks, though. I saw in Lima, in this State, a good many years ago, a bolt strike a locust tree twenty-live feet high which stood by the side of a church over 160 feet high, with a lightning red on it, too. However, if lightning should strike the masonry at any spot not guarded by the wire, not much harm could be done. So I think we have the bridge protected from lightning."

"Has lightning ever struck the bridge?"

"Yes: when the Brooklyn tower was nearly completed, and the cables connected the cities, ightning struck a derrick on the tower and disabled the mast, and then passeddown to the main cables and theme to the ground. I stood at the time in the archway of the New York tower, and was leaning the point of my ellow against the masonry. Immediately after the bolt dropped I received a sheek by induction, as the current was passing on the cable not far from me."

BEAUTY IN FIRE SCREENS.

Some Fine Specimens of Stained Gines Work

The growing popularity of open fireplaces has created a great demand for fire screens. Old-fashioned samplers, made by our grandmothers, have been brought down from garrets and made to perform a duty which they had well nigh forgotten in the lapse of years. Various innovations in the shape of tapestry and embroidery have appeared, but none so well expresses the artistic sense of the times as the fire screens made by the stained glass workers. These are combinations of many-colored glass, set in frames of polished brass. A very handsome screen of this sort, in a Car-mine street studio, is two feet square. It has for its centre a half-length painting of Shake-spears. This is bordered by a fillet of amber jewels. Then follow borders of ruby, green, and blue, made of rolled cathedral grass. There are still two larger outer borders, the inner one being of a very peculiar the inner one being of a very peculiar pattern, made only in Berkshire. It is a stained ripple grass, called in the trade "boefsteak." The outer ripple is sea green. The combination of these borders of different colored glass forms a very handsome frame to the nicture.

The leading of this screen is in regular lines, but in another screen of the same size the leading runs in eyery direction, as it does in many stained glass windows. This screen is all made of cast opalescent glass, and the design seems to be a quarter moon rising among counds. It is studied with jeweis and surrounded by a

of cast opalescent glass, and the design seems to be a quarter moon rising muong clouds. It is studded with lewels and surrounded by a fillet of rolled cathedral glass. The upper half of a small screen has the head of a saint, with squares of opalescent glass, and the lower half is a panel of pierced brass.

Those screens are under from designs drawn out in detail by artists, and as specimens of stailed glass work they cannot be surpassed.

A more simple style of screen consists of a picture surrounded by squares of sheet glass, each square being picked out in some pattern. Those possess none of the brilliant contrasts of color found in the opalescent and rolled cathedral screens. While these screens are expensive, they are not so cestly as might be supposed—the price of the one first described being \$55, and that of the second one \$50. A ready sale is found for such screens.

MELANCHOLY MELON MEN.

Good Weather for Selling Melous Better than Good Wentber for Keeping Them. Under a Washington Market shed were ong, low piles of ripe watermelons yesterday. s high rough-board desk at one side of the melons, jotting an order in a blotter, when a

young man said to him: Nice cool weather." Yes," said the man, gloomily,

"Keep the melons from spelling, ch?" "Yes, they'll keep."
"You don't seem pleased with the prospect?"

"No reason I should be. Here is a lot of melons, and no buyers. Melons are like soda water and ice cream and sherry cobbiers. They sell best when overylody is melting down. Cool weather may preserve them, but we'd rather see a few get over ripe."

"How many watermelops come here?"

"About 130,000 a week at this season. One steamer brought 37,000 this week. They are rather smaller poorer in quality, loss in number, and lower in price than last year. From \$15 to \$15 a hundred are this year's prices. Savannah is the great shipping point. Melons come from the interior of Georgia and Fiorida by rail to that port, and are shipped thence in bulk piled on the decas of the steamers."

"Is the loss in transportation as great as in the shipment of ether warm country fruits?"

"The anrinkage is considerable. The deck hands on the steamers are mostly colored. Those that rouch New York from Savannah are generally of better quality than these shipped further South at Fernandina, for instance, but there is no special call for improved methods of shipment." water and ice cream and sherry cobblers. They

WHICH SHOULD PAY DAMAGES? A Curlous Question Between Two Railroad Companies in Connecticut.

DANBURY, July 11 .- On the 20th of Februarr, 1883, a collision occurred on the Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, between a freight train belonging to that road and a train run on the road by the Shepaug Railroad Company. The blame for the collision was nover definitely fixed. The freight train was behind time, and the Shepaug train was leaving Danbury for Bethel on its schedule time. Before leaving Bethel the conductor of the freight train tele-Bethel the conductor of the freight train telegraphed to Danbury to "hold Wheeler," meaning the engineer of the Shepang train. There were two Wheelers in the employ of the company, and the person receiving the message communicated it to the wrong one.

Heary Ziegler, a brakeman on the Danbury train, was terriby burned and scaided in the collision, and he new suns the Danbury and Norwaik italized Company for damages. The question, as brought before the court in Litchfield, is whether the Danbury and Norwaik or the Shepang Rairoad Company is in fault. The Danbury Company claims that the engineer and firman of the Shepang train were not on the lookout, for if they had been, they could not have failed to see the Danbury train, as the accident occurred on a two-mile stretch of track, perfectly straight. The Shepang men, on the other hand, assert that the morning was extremely forcy, and they could not see two car lengths ahead.

PORTER AND WHISKEY ONLY THE CHOICE FOR HUNGRY TRAVELLERS

AT ONE COUNTRY TAYERN.

They Lose the Promised Breakfast of Proge Legs, and Got Revenge on the Landlerd by Chucking Lee and Matching Pounted. LANCASTER, Pa., July 10 .- The average country tavern throughout Pennsylvania is a place for a hungry man to keep away from. There are exceptions, of course. There are taverns where the steak is julcy, where the where the home-made country tea biscuit are of a snowy whiteness. But this is not the rule. About an hour's ride from Lancaster, the centre of the richest farming and tobacco growing region of the State, the village of Marietta strutches itself out along the Susquehanna. Everybody knows all about Marietta, for it is here that Col. James Duffy's model farm delights the eye of every visitor; and but a short carriage ride away is the Donegal farm of the elder Cameron, who in his age delights to return to the scenes of his boyhood. The village

tsoif is not an over-prepossessing place. It was in Marietta that four young men found hemselves stranded the other night. One of them was a reporter, one was a commercial traveller, one acknowledged himself to be "just a plain drummer," and the fourth didn't say what his business was. They were all hot, tired and dusty, and, just as the sun was about sinking out of sight for the night, they came struck up an acquaintance.

The tavern was not a very elaborate affair. There was a barroom in the basement of the dingy building, and the party headed to it as the most likely place to find the landlord. The reporter pounded on the bar with his cane, and

reporter pounded on the bar with his cane, and the landlord came. He stood behind the bar with his hands on his bips, and said:

"Whiskey and porter. What'il you have?"
Then the stranded tourists opened their throats in unison and sang out:

"Can -we - got - supper - and - lodgings?"
The indiord was evidently surprised at the great rush of trade. In fact, he said as much, hie hemmed awhile and hawed awhile, and then he thought he could fix it by putting two in a room.

The reporter and the drummer paired off, and the commercial travellor and the other young man paired off, and a little later the entire party met in a dingy little place which the landlord said was the dining room. The hungry quartet fell to work on the beefsteak, while the undiord hovered around with anxiety spread out all over his face and made excuses.

"You see I didn't know you was a-comin', gentlemen," he said, and I hain't got nothin much for surper. But to-morrow-abl to-morrow morning I shall have a breakfast what is a breakfast."

The night was hot and sultry. Sleep was next to impossible, and the four guests sought

ing train out of Marietta, but when the quartet discussed the situation they concluded not to hurry themselves.

"It would be a pity to bolt that nice breakfast," said the drummer.

"Yes," remarked the commercial traveller, "let's take time to those frogs legs. Nine o'clock is the correct hour for breakfast. What de you say?"

The resorter and the other young man thought so, too. Nobody considered it worth while to consult the landlord about these arrangements, and the landlord about these arrangements and the landlord about these arrangements and the landlord about the partial ered it worth while to consult his guests about his own pass. So everybody was happy.

There was a rain during the night, and the Marietta people never saw their village look pretter than it did next morning. The air was cool and delightful, and the gentle breeze that swept over Col. Daffy's farm was laden with the perfume of fresh clover blossoms. It was just the morning to give one an appetite, and promptly at 9 o'clock the four hungry guests presented themselves at the door of the dining room. There was no one in sight. The table was empty and bare. There was not even a cloth upon it. Not a trace of a frog's leg was to be found.

The guests looked at each other in amaze-

cried the commercial traveller, "What!" cried the commercial traveller.
"and no frogs legs!"
"Breakfast was over two hours ago," said the hard-hearted landlord. "Why didn't you get up? You can't get nothin' now."

"But can't you get us some coffee and rolls—anything will do?"

I'm short of help to-day. Can't do nothin' for you," and the landlord shoved a whiskey glass across the bar to a man in shirt sleeves.

But we can certainly get something to eat somewhere, can't we?" persisted the reporter.

"Is there a restaurant in town?"

"Ye-es, there's a restaurant. Walk along the street a little ways and you'll come to it."

Mad and hungry, the quartet again took up the trail for a breakfast. They found the restaurant. A sign hung out announced in oyster-shell letters that oysters were kept there. There taurant. A sign hung out announced in dyster-shell letters that dysters were kept there. There were some ginger cakes and candy in the win-dow. Matters did not look very promising for a breakfast, but the party entered. A vigorous rap on the counter brought the proprietor. It was a woman.

a breakfast, but the party entered. A vigorous rap on the counter brought the proprietor. It was a woman.

"Can we get anything to eat here?" asked the reporter, so faint from hunger that he could hardly speak.

I guess so, "said the woman.

"What have you got?"

"Well, now, not much—we've only got ice cream and trips to-day."

There was an audible groan from at least four throats.

"But if you had only come yesterday," added the woman with a sweet smile, "why, we could have given you two kinds of soup—turile soup and chan soup."

It was now 10 o'clock, and there was no chance to get out of town before noon. The lour young men walked dejectedly hack to the botel. The drummer entered the barroom at the head of the procession.

"Say," he said to the landlord. "If you can't give us something to drink, can't you?"

"Portor and whiskey, said the landlord. "I had some beer, but the Fourth of July trade cleaned me out. I'll have some more himsely."

"I tell you what I'll do," said the drummer.

"I tell you what I'll do," said the drummer, and there was a twinkle in hie eye that meast revenge. "I'll match pennies with you for drinks for the crowd."

There were signs of life among the men in shirt sleeves, and they immediately began to take a lively interest in what was going on about them.

"Match pennies, what's that?" asked the landlord. "I tell you what I'll do, though: I'll chuck loo ?" queried the drummer.

"Yes, You chuck a penny lai on its edge and settled to rest in the middle of a plank. The drummer saw, and the pennies were tossed. The landlord set in the niddle of a plank. The drummer saw and the pennies were tossed. The landlord set in the niddle of a plank. The drummer saw and the pennies were tossed. The landlord water, it was at the landlord of expense.

"Yes, You chuck a penny lai on its edge and settled to rest in the middle of a plank. The drummer applied to the bar and took their drinks without water. It was at the landlord, "It I turn up a head you unach me and took their drinks without water. It wa was a woman.

Can we get anything to eat here?" asked
the reporter, so faint from hunger that he

"Heads!" cried the drammer.

"Tails!" said the landlord in a subdued voice, as he uncovered the penny.

Again the men in the room came up to the bar and took their drinks without water. It was at the landlord's expense.

The landlord was very uneasy, and the drummer was as much elated as he could be under the circumstances. In a quiet way he was taking revenge in place of his breakfast, and when the landlord suggested that they try it again with California Juck, he jumped at the chance. The men in the room gatheres! should and watched the game. The landlord lost. The men in the room gatheres! should and watched the game. The landlord lost. The landlord's expense.

But the drammer was not satisfied yet. He prevailed on one of the men to "chuck loo," and for the fourth time the men in the room drank at the landlord's expense.

Then the four young men paid for their supper and bodging and left the house. The bill was fifty cents each. The landlord didn't ask them to come again. The noon train brought them to Lancaster, and in this delightful little city they no longer went hungry.

The Evils of Whicker. " Isn't it dreadful," said old Mrs. Brown, " the

"Isn't it droadful," said old Mrs. Brown, "the harm that whiskey does in this world?"

"Ob, dear, it's simply awful," responded Mrs. Smith.

"Here's an account of a poor litte boy but 10 years old, who had his leg broken through a barrel of whiskey only lest night."

Is it possitio? And he was only 10 years old? It is berievily terribe. Does the paper say he drank the way barrel full?"

No. its dish't drink any. The barrel rolled on him from a cert, and broke his leg."

AN UNAMERICAN CUSTON.

Tip-giving Extending in New York to Pa The disgusting custom of giving tips has ately grown to be almost as much of an abuse in New York as in London or Paris. Every-body knows how waiters are feed. The feeing of policemen after an ordinary query is not yet common here in the daytime, though it is by no means unusual for a man to drop a quarter into the hand of a policeman, if he exin fact, so common that policemen on the beats in what is known as the residence quarter of the town—that is, on either side of Fifth avenue, running a block or two east and west, and north of Twenty-third street—are almost obtrusive in their efforts to oblige the inquirer. They will walk two or three blocks to point out a house to you, and not unfrequently drop a hint or two about hard times. Many of them receive regular tips from men who habitually struggle home at 3 o'clock in the morning from

Tipping the barber is now an absolute necessity in some shops. A recent suit in the Jefferson Market Police Court brought to light the fact that barbers habitually scrape the oustomers who do not fee them. Scraping is a orm of crime only too familiar to all men who shave. When a man goes to a barber's chair the first time he is greeted with great cordiality. The barber makes some remark about the weather, rubs his victim's chin affectionately, tucks the cloth in about his neck nicely, and shaves him with great care. The barber is

the weather, rubs his victim's chin affectionately, tacks the cloth in about his neck nicely, and shawes him with great cars. The barber is anxious to know if the razor suits, and treats his customer with every possible attention. When the customer rises the barber takes the whisk away from the brush boy and brushes the customer himself. He gives the man his cheek, takes the money, and returns the change. He places it in his hand coin by coin, usually saving a dime until the last, which he places rejuctantly, or with a flourish, as the case may be, into the man's hand. If the customer gives him ten cents, he will be greeted effusively by the barber, and addressed as an old friend, whon he next enters the shop. If he drops the money in his own pocket and walks out, wos be unto him if he ever falls into that barber's clutches again. So well is this recognized that employing barbers seldom pay over \$7 or \$8 a week to their men, where they used to pay \$10, \$12, and \$14.

The elevator boy in the hotel or apartment house, or a big down-town building, will slways remember your name, the number of your room, and hold the elevator for you while you hurry down the corridor, if you tip him. Very many men do it. Those who do not find that people who come to see them do not readily ind their rooms, and that letters left with the elevator boy are not promptly delivered. Bosides, the boy finds it difficult to remember what time they went out and when they are expected back. An occasional coin smooths it all, however. The boy—he is usually a full-grown map, by the way—yanks open the door with alsority, endeavors to say something piensant on the way up or down, and shows in every movement how thankful he is to be remembered, and how much he would like to be remembered, and how much he rightfully belongs in the box. The driver estiles his appreciation of this by stopping the stage near the gutter when the fee-giver alights, or diving toward him when he bounds his stage again. Besides this, he cheers the fee-giver on his lone; wa

sure being told when the car arrives at a particular street.

A night or two ago a drunken man reclined in a corner of a Broadway car which was about to start up town from the Astor House. It was quite inte, and the man had ridden all the way down from Fiftieth street. The conductor yanked him around in his efforts toget him out of the car, and then, in order to expedite matters, another pussengor paid the drunken man's fare, and told the conductor to take him up town again. The car started, and the drunken man suddenly awoke. He slowly, laboriously, and by the exercise of great determination, as arched his various pockets until he found his purse. Opening it with some difficulty, he extracted a ten-cent piece and called the conductor's hand, told him he wanted to get out at Thirteenth street, and relapsed into a heavy slumber again. What a change came over the manper of the conductor! He was all smiles, and he pulled the drunken man in shape, propped him up in the corner, and piaced his hat upon his head with the tenderness of a mother. At Thirteenth street he dragged him tenderly from the car, propped him against the post of a grocery store awning, and said "Good-night" with positive affection. All for a ten-cent tip.

The housemaid in a private family in New York, ten or fitteen years ago, regarded a tip as a rare and unusual thing. Many girls who were out at service, and who had come in from surrounding villages to work in New York, would have refused if a fee had been offored. This was particularly the case with American girls. This sort of thing has quite passed nway with the introduction of French maids, and now all the members of the household corps, from the butler to the cook, will jump at a fee. A man easily learns that a coin left in the hand of a girl who opens the door will insure a prompt delivery of a card or a bouquet and any message which may accompany it.

The solemn and uncommunicative man at the stage door of a theatre aimost demands a matter of course, and is so thoroughly accuationed that

A CHECK ON PAWNBROKERS.

A Decision That Gives Redress to Customers Who are Unjustly Trented. "Judge McAdam's decision requiring that pawabrokers shall advertise a detailed doscription of the pledged goods they sell is a very good thing." a lawyer said yesterday. "Persons who are compelled to pledge what articles of value they may have, if they can-not redeem them, ought to know at least when they are going to be sold. The law requires that all the pledged goods be advertised quires that all the piedged goods be advertised for six days before they are sold. The pawn-brokers can seil them after they have been in their possession a year."

What good does it do the owner of the goods to know when they are to be sold?"

"They can buy them in, or get some friend to do so. At any rate, they can know if their own goods are roully those offered for sale. According to law the pawnbroker is required to raturn to the piedger whatever amount of money the goods bring above the amount ioanei and the interest."

What do you mean by their knowing that their own goods are offered for sale?"

"If you should take a \$100 diamond ring to a pawnbroker and ask for a \$15 loan on it, your tieket would simply be marked Diamond ring, \$15.' If you let a year go by and then went for the ring, you would learn that it had been sold according to law. The pawnbroker would show you his books, on which would be an ontry about the sale of a diamond ring. If he were not a responsible man—and there are not a few of that kind in the pawnbroking business—you would see that the ring that he said was yours sold for about \$14. Undoubtedly there was a ring sold, but it was not your ring. Your ring was either kentor disposed of privately. If you had been present at the sale you would have been able to detect the fraud." Is there no redress?"

You can't prove that your ring was not sacrificed, and then nobody can find the ring which was sold."

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You can't prove that your ring was not sacrificed, and then nobody can find the ring which was sold." for six days before they are sold. The pawn-

"I don't mind your going out of an evening

From the Kentucky State Journal. Will Haven serenaded his girl last night, and when he got through singing the first song a female fish voice was heard at a front upper stery window, as

is wit;

"Is that you, Bill?"

"Yee, Where's Mamle?"

"Faith an'ele bain't got home from the lee cream
saloon, yit wid N. Archer. Give us another song, Bill;
the ould folks are out too. Give us 'Swale Violeta."

TALES OF THE GOLD CAMPS

PAMOUS MEN WHO ONCE SWUNG A PICE IN CALIFORNIA GULCHES,

The Reign of the Alenides-A Schoolmaster who Threw the Law Out of the Window-The world has always turned an eager ear to tales of mining camps, and of curious hap-penings in that frontier land which every year sees pushed further and further away. These tales crop up in the most unexpected ways and places. Last winter, at a famous German uni-versity, the writer heard an American student tell of helping to organize a camp in Colorado.

A few months ago, on the coast of Maine, a
white-haired fisherman, while cutting his rodsquare field of hay, told him reminiscenses of 1848 and 1847 in California, and only the other day a leading New York merchant related to him, over the lunch table, vivid recollections of events in the camps where he swung a pick.

haps worthy of record as illustrations of the days when, in a single mining camp. Nevada City, men lived who afterward became Gover-nors of States, Judges on the Supreme beach, United States Senators, and Ministers to for-eign courts. The Hon. A. A. Bargent, Judge tor Stewart, Gen, Ellis, who fall while leading a charge at Shiloh, Governors Murphy of Arkansus, Fairchild of Wisconsin, and brave old Dick Oglesby of Illinois, were all residents of that region. Nearly every one of the thousand and one mining camps once scattered over the Pa-cific coast from Josephine county, Oregon to the San Bernadino region, contained men who afterward became prominent in business, politics, or literature.

Donjamin P. Avery, long editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, also of the Overland Month-

and much-loved man, whose literary powers were late in riponing, and whose life was pa-thotically unfinished and uncrowned, wrote a were late in ripening, and whose life was pathetically unfinished and uncrowned, wrote a letter, years ago, to the editor of a little Nevada county Directory, glying a graphic account of the early history of that famous network of camps, It was in October, 1850, that he started from Mormon Island, now Saersmente county, on a prospecting tour to Redding Springs, now Shusta City, and several hundred miles distant. He rode a little white mule, pork, beans, hard bread, and blankets packed behind. Hearing of pount diggings, or those yleiding some \$200 per day, he changed his course to Gold Run. At that time Caldwell's Upper Store, now Nevada City, Rapped its canvas sides, and protected, to the best of its ability, a siender stock of dollars-a-drink whisked and dollar-a-pound flour and bisquits. Down on the flat were a few tents, and the bars were being worked with dug-out crades and wire and rawhide hoppers. Pork was \$3 a pound, and boots cost \$30 or \$90 a pair. Mr. Avery found good diggings, and returned for his companions, but when they arrived the entire guich was "occupied by long-haired Missourians, who had staked out their thirty-foot rians, who had staked out their thirty-foot rians, who had staked out their thirty-foot rians, who had staked out their first Missourians, and were taking out their thirty-foot rians and a haif to have a lotter carried from Sacramento to the camps, when Mrs. Stamps, the wife of the first elected Alcalde of the region, and her sister, were the only ladles in the county, and when lawlessness was quickly suppressed, and the steady increase of social protective organization was everywhere manifest. The first Alcalde of Neyada City was elected by

stream, sonsing him up and down till he escaped, waded to the farther bank and sought other pastures. But the new teacher was of sterner material.

"I shall have an examination to-day to see where you belong, and must turn you back in your grades if you deserve it," he said,

A loud murmur of discontent and almost open rebellion followed. Nothing abashed, the teacher made his first and last speech. He took from the table a book and addressed an other pupil:

"Do you know what this is?"

"And it defines the grades, and you all think you have passed the examinations, and that I can't go behind the law?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yer, well! Now you are quite mistaken. I sm the Alcaido of this school; I am Sheriff, and Register, and Judge and jury, and absolute finality here."

And with this revolutionary and comprehensive statement he threw the school law out of the window, and proceeded, amid an swestruck throng, to break up and consolidate class after class, reorganizing the school on his own system.

"Yes, an Alcaide is what the district needed," was what the old pioneers said when the story was told, and a better school for the rest of the year northern Cailfornia never knew.

The flush chining camps have often been described, with their curious Babbath-day minging of ministers, gamblers, auctioneers, dow fishts, and street sales, all concentrating about the gorygous saloons, where mente, faro, roulette, poker, vingle-et-up, and other games of chance were in full blast. There were Indians. Mexicas, Chilians, Hawaiians, Asiatics, kindenses, Chilians, Hawaiians, asiatics, kindenses, chilians, Hawaiians, asiatics, kindenses, Chilians, Hawaiians, asiatics, kindenses were in full blast. There were Indians. Expostriations, long continued, ware in peri went hat of the riddle of the street, and in the most important business centre of the introduces and cocked revolver, which he pointed, man a feature said, "and there is no law gather in a restruction. Boys let's fill out the hole, and start for Last Chance, or Timbuctoo." A lat

"What do you know about law?" was the instural foquiry.

A little, and I know camp juries."

Then, young man, I'll give you a thousand dollars to appeal my case and win it for me."

They shook hands, the young fallow doffed his apron, and within an hour was at work on the case, carried it to a successful end, completed his law studies, was admitted to practice in the State courts, and became a leader of the bar.

Kinety-size and Hale and Hearty.

Simon Knowles of Meredith, N. Y., was born in Haddam, Conn., April 22, 1786, and is, therefore, in his ninety-ninth year. He is a shocmaker by occupation. His health is good, he exts and sleeps well, and yesterday he mended a pair of boots for a grandson, half-soling and patching them in a creditable manner and without places. He work a simal garden and has planted a pairsh of sweet corn and 112 hills of pole beans. He was married in 1863, and raised in the chibren, all of what lived to manned and womanhood. He was a solid in the war of 1812 and draws a penalton of 88 a month. In 1818 he removed to Meredith, N. Y., where he has since lived. He became a Mason in Columbia Lodgs, F. and A. M., of East Haddam in October, 1807, and is probably the oldest Mason in the State, if not in the United States. Simon Knowles of Meredith, N. Y., was born